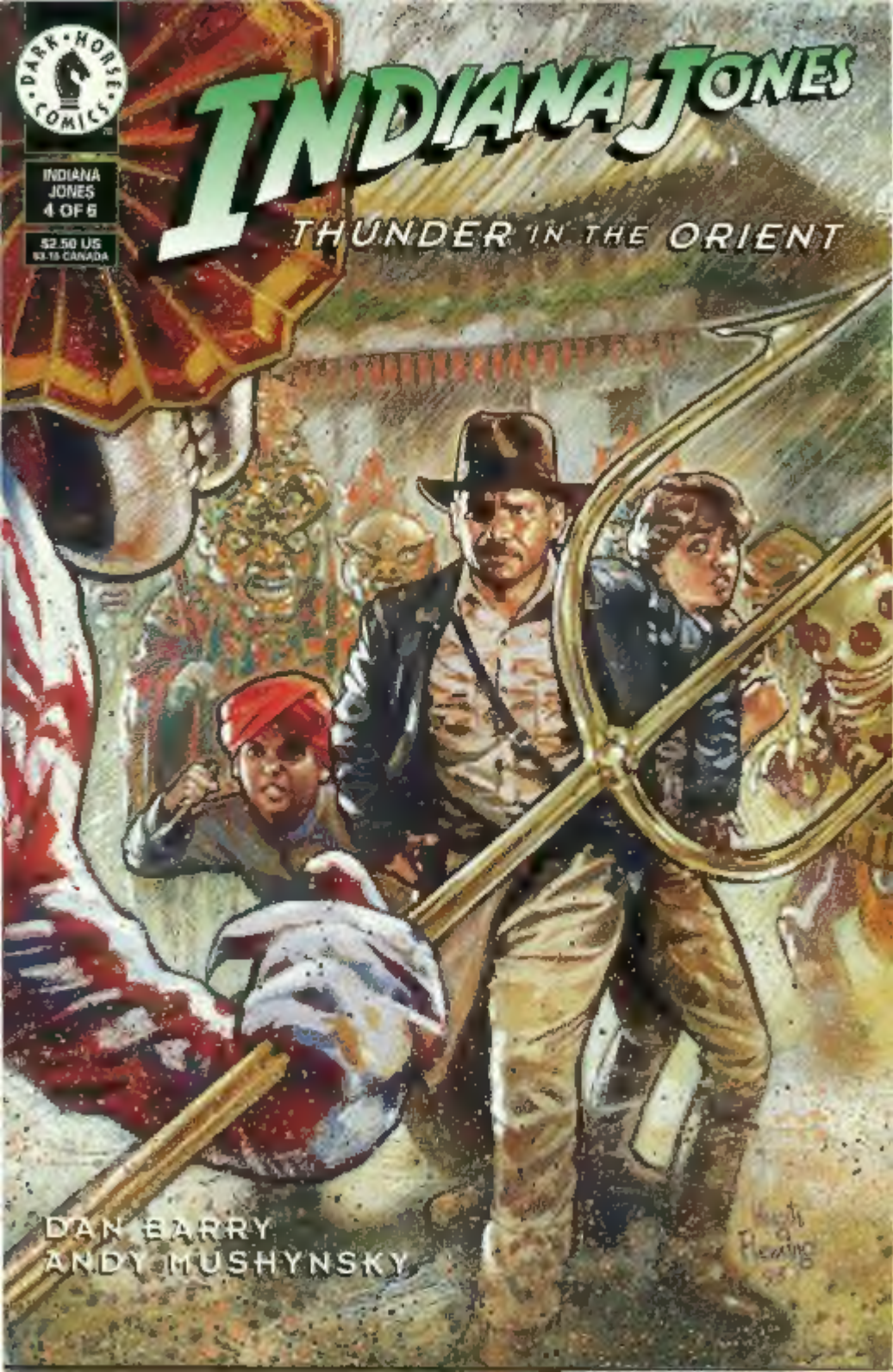
DARK HORSE COMICS
INDIANA JONES
4 OF 6
$2.50 US
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INDIANA JONES
THUNDER IN THE ORIENT
DAN BARRY
ANDY MUSHYNSKY

INDIANA JONES
THUNDER IN THE ORIENT

CHAPTER FOUR

DAN BARRY
Story, pencils, & ink finishes

ANDY MUSHYNSKY
Inks

GAIL BECKETT
Lettering & colors

HUGH FLEMING
Cover

SCOTT FUENTES
Design

RYDER WINDHAM
Editor

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Neil Hankerson • executive vp
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DARK HORSE COMICS

YOU CAN SEE FROM MY AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, GENERAL KYOJO, I WAS ABLE TO FOLLOW THE JONES EXPEDITION ALMOST TO THEIR DESTINATION.
UNTIL THE HEAVY CLOUDS OBSCURED THEM—?
YES, BUT JUST AHEAD—AT A HOLE IN THE CLOUDS—I PHOTOGRAPHED THIS!
A CITY...?
IS NOTHING ON THE MAP—NOT THE TINIEST VILLAGE—WITHIN HUNDREDS OF MILES! YOU ARE CERTAIN?
QUITE, SIR.
A LOST, UNKNOWN CITY HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS! OF COURSE! WHERE BUT SUCH A PLACE WOULD BUDDHA'S COVENANT BE BURIED?
AND WHEN YOU FIND IT, PROFESSOR JONES...
...I SHALL BE THERE, WAITING...
SHANGRI-LA, YOU CALLED IT, EFFENDI?

YES, "JAMES HILTON'S SHANGRI-LA," YOU SAID. WHAT IS THAT?
A PLACE — JUST LIKE THIS, DR. KALI, IN A RECENT BOOK CALLED "LOST HORIZON."
EVERYTHING MATCHES — HIGH IN THE FROZEN HIMALAYAS, A SUNNY PARADISE. MAYBE IT WASN'T FICTION. MAYBE HILTON FOUND SUCH A PLACE... THIS PLACE.
A PLACE OF PEACE, PLENTY — PEOPLE WORKING IN HARMONY. UTOPIA AND PARADISE ROLLED INTO ONE!
THIS SURE LOOKS LIKE IT!
BLEEEEEAAAA

SHANGRI-LA, MY FOOT!
WHO-OA-OA!
YAMA! DIE!
NO! IN THE NAME OF BUDDHA! WE COME IN PEACE!
NO— PEACE! PEACE!
BLAM
BLAM

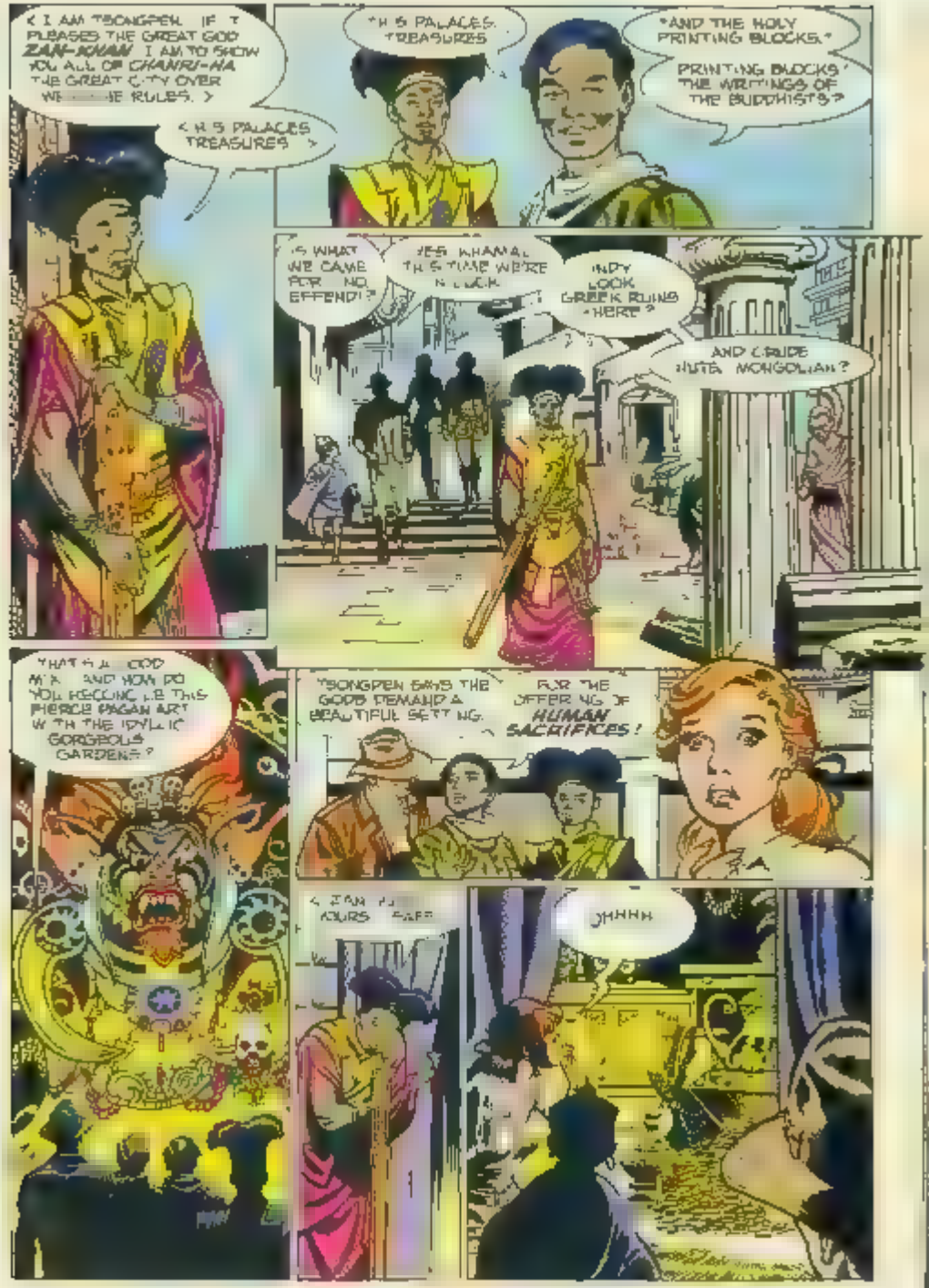
FIRE AND THUNDER OF ORLUTRU!
BOWA! BOWA!
YOU'RE GETTING TOO QUICK TO USE THAT DAGGER, YOUNG FELLA.
KHAMAL SERVE YOU, PROTECT YOU, EFFENDI. YOU ARE NOT PLEASED?
BOWA? DEMONS, YAMA... THE KING OF HELL. THEY THINK WE'RE SOME SORT OF DEVILS.
IS THIS WHAT'S COME OF BUDDHA'S TEACHINGS?
NOT UNCOMMON. IT GOT MIXED [illegible] PAGAN [illegible]
CLEARLY THESE PEOPLE ARE STILL BARBARIC. THEY'D NEVER HEARD GUNFIRE, CALLED IT THE THUNDER OF OLUTRU, AN ANCIENT MOUNTAIN GOD.
HOW DO WE REACH THEM?
IT'S NOT WITHOUT RISKS... BUT I'D SAY WE BRAVE IT OUT. PLAY ON THEIR FEARS.

INDY— IT'S TOO QUIET.
EASY, SOPHIE, I TRUST KALI'S JUDGMENT. THEY'RE TOO SCARED TO CALL OUR BLUFF.
BOOONNNG
DON'T COUNT ON IT.
HSII
IIAAAA

HSSSIIA
BOOONNNG
NO OFFENSE, KALI — BUT I THINK THIS WAS A ROTTEN IDEA.
SMILE, DR. HAPGOOD. NOW ME IS BLUFFING, HOPING TO SCARE OFF US "DEMONS." JUST FACE HIM DOWN.
HSSSIIAAA
THUD
THWP

FORGIVE ME, EFFENDI. KHAMAL HAS MADE BIG TROUBLE!
NO, KID. I'M JUST SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS!
YOU, TOO, SOPHIE. SORRY...
YOU CLOD! MALE ARROGANCE TO THE BITTER END. CAN'T EVEN GIVE A GAL CREDIT FOR HER OWN BAD CHOICES.
ZAN-KHAN!
ZAN-KHAN!
ZAN-KHAN!
WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
I'VE NO IDEA!
N'YOR OPHU. GEMBO.
WHAT?
GO, KHAMAL! THEY WANT TO CARRY YOU... IN THAT SEDAN!

EFFENDI! SEE! A PRIZE FOR KHAMAL, LIKE OLD-TIME GLADIATORS! I BEAT SPOOK MAN! I GET GOLDEN STICK FOR A TROPHY, YES?
GUESS SO, KIDDO!
WHAT'S THIS REALLY ABOUT, KALI?
THE LAMA CALLED HIM THE SON OF GEMBO—ONE OF THE MOST REVERED OF DEITIES. THEY THINK KHAMAL IS A GOD!!
I'M STILL BAFFLED. HOW COULD KHAMAL HAVE SURVIVED?
ONE CAN ONLY GUESS. PERHAPS HIS "WILD TALENTS"—OR PSYCHIC POWERS—ARE GREATER THAN WE SUSPECT!
BY GUM, YOU'RE A WALKING ARSENAL!
WE'RE ALONE NOW, CHAMP. LET'S CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY, EH?
HERE'S OUR ANSWER. THE TINE GOT STUCK IN YOUR KNIFE BELT...
WELL, MY LAD, OF SUCH THINGS ARE "GODS" MADE.
GODS, MADE OF DAGGER BELTS? ARE YOU NOT MOCKING ALLAH, EFFENDI?


< I AM TSONGPEN. IF IT PLEASES THE GREAT GOD ZAN-KHAN I AM TO SHOW YOU ALL OF CHANRI-HA THE GREAT CITY OVER WHOSE RULES. >
< HIS PALACES. TREASURES >
"HIS PALACES. TREASURES
"AND THE HOLY PRINTING BLOCKS."
PRINTING BLOCKS? THE WRITINGS OF THE BUDDHISTS?
< WHAT WE CAME FOR. NO OFFEND! >
YES. WHAMAL THIS TIME WE'RE IN LUCK.
INDY LOOK. GREEK RUINS HERE?
AND BRIDE NUTA MONGOLIAN?
< THAT'S A GOOD MAN. AND HOW DO YOU RECONCILE THIS FIERCE PAGAN ART WITH THE IDYLLIC GORGEOUS GARDENS? >
TSONGPEN SAYS THE GODS DEMAND A BEAUTIFUL SETTING. FOR THE OFFERING OF HUMAN SACRIFICES!
< I CAN'T ... YOURS ... >
OHHHH

OOOOOO DAGGERS, MANY DAGGERS ALL OF GOLD!
MY GOD I COULD LIVE IN LUXURY FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS ON JUST THIS ONE STONE
LET'S NOT TEMPT FATE FOLKS.
THIS ISN'T WHY WE CAME.
BUT THIS IS AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL TREASURE
YEAH SURE TELL THAT TO THESE LOCAL SCHOLARS!
IT ALL BELONGS TO CAN-KHAN PERHAPS WHEN WE ARE READY BUT— AHEM! NOW THE PRINTED BLOCKS, YES?
MOVE... MOVE, FEMALE CUR!
WAK
SLAVES?
CPD SCHLERS FROM ENEMY TRIBES?
ALL AROUND US?
YOU! DOG WOMAN WATER— FOR GREAT GOD!

KRAK
HEY !!
TRY THAT AGAIN AND I'LL TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF !
ZAN-KHAN
UNCHAIN THOSE WOMEN
< UNCHAIN THEM ZAN KHAN WISHES IT >
< THE CLUMSY ONE HAS BEEN PROMISED AS AN OFFERING TO OLUTRU >
< THE CHAINS KEEP HER FROM TAKING FLIGHT >

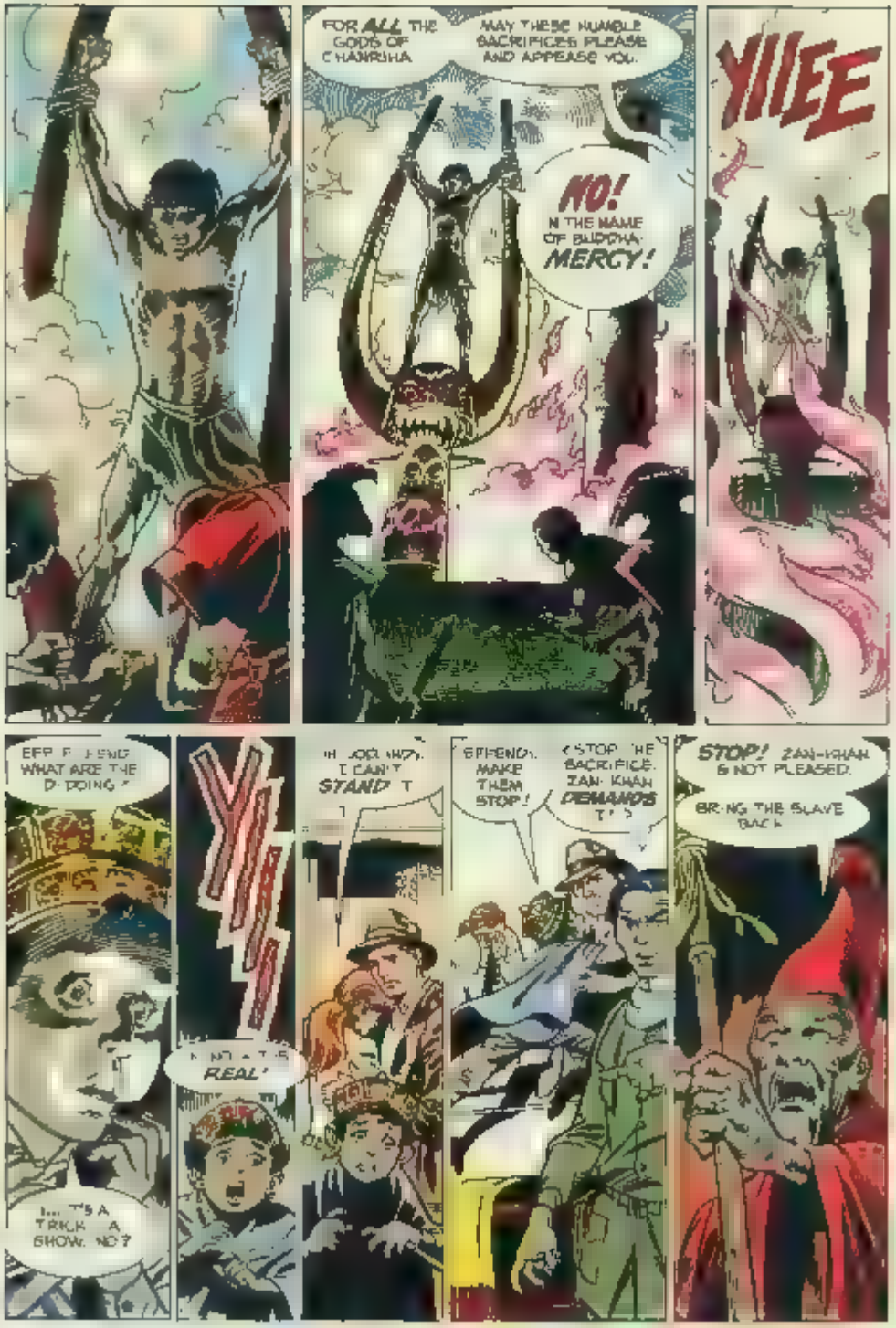
LOOK ANGRY CHAMP. REAL ANGRY! NOW, KAL WAIST
TSONGPEH! ZAN-KHAN DEMANDS HER RELEASE. AT ONCE
AS THE GREAT GOD W SHES.
WHAT NOW...?
I'LL TAKE HER AS A SERVANT
THE PRISONER WILL BE DELIVERED TO YOUR HOUSEHOLD, AS YOU WISHED
AND HERE THE HOLY PRINT NG BLOCKS.
WHEW ANOTHER REASURE
SANSKRIT THE BUDDHIST WRITINGS! HERE'S WHERE WE'LL PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE COVENANT!
ZAN-KHAN THANKS YOU. YOU MAY LEAVE US NOW
H STORY, PRAYER S DIARIES.
ALL HAND CARVED N WOOD. MUST HAVE TAKEN CENTURIES.
NOTH NG YET ON THE COVENANT
ALL THESE BLOCKS. IT COULD TAKE US DECADES
WELL TH S BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE

WHAT DOES ? YOU FOUND SOMETHING?
NOT THE COVENANT THE "ZAAN-KHAN" MYSTERY.
THIS CHANDRHA, WITH ITS FREAK MILD CLIMATE AND NATURAL RICHES, WAS ATTRACTED WOULD-BE CONQUERORS THROUGH THE AGES.
ALL WERE DESTROYED BY THE DEMON GODS AND FIERCE DEFENDERS OF THIS FORTRESS UNTIL
A GOLDEN HAIRED WARRIOR GOD DESCENDED FROM THE HEAVENS
NO WEAPON COULD HARM HIM CHANDRHA FELL BEFORE THE GREAT GOD ZANDER!
LEAVING HIS TREASURES, HE WENT ON TO FURTHER CONQUESTS.
THEN HE RETURNED AS THE TERRIBLE GOD KHAN.
THERE YOU HAVE IT THE MIX OF GREEK AND MONGOL AH* ZANDER - ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THEN GENGHIS KHAN
BOTH HAD BEEN HERE. ONE GOD REINCARNATED ZAAN-KHAN.
NOW RETURNED.
IN THE FORM OF OUR OWN KHAMAL
HMM.. ? OH, KHAMAL WAS DREAMING!
I DREAM I READ OF THE WAY TO THE LOST COVENANT. IN A STRANGE ALPHABET.
BUT KHAMAL KNOWS ONLY ALAOU TE ALPHABET

WELL, NO WONDER WE HAVEN'T FOUND THESE BLOCKS! KHAMAL HAS BEEN SLEEPING ON THEM
AND HERE IT IS THE ROUTE TO SHRENB IN SZECHUAN, CHINA. THE NEXT STOP ON THE DISCIPLES PILGRIMAGE
WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANTED. NOW, HOW DO WE GET OUT?
THEY NEVER STOP WATCHING US
NATURALLY ONLY ONCE IN A THOUSAND YEARS DOES A LIVING GOD APPEAR
TELL THEM JAN KHAN SEES THEY ARE WELL NOW MUST MOVE ON
PATIENCE MY TRUSTY SHERPA GUARDS ARE MAKING PREPARATIONS
TOO SOON YET THEY MAY START DOUBTING QUESTIONING
WHEN THE RIGHT MOMENT ARRIVES HORSES MULES SUPPLIES WILL BE STANDING BY
THAT POOR CREATURE THEY'VE BEATEN ALL TRACE OF HUMANITY OUT OF HER DOES SHE HAVE A NAME? ASK HER KAL
I KEEP ASKING SHE DOES NOT ANSWER
< YOU SPEAK TO A STONE
THE GODS HAVE TAKEN HER WIFE JUSTICE FOR A LOW THIEF FROM THE OUTER WORLD ?

SUCH VERMIN ARE FIT ONLY FOR HUMAN SACRIFICE
HMPH LET'S MAKE HER HUMAN AGAIN. FIRST A NAME
WHAT SHALL WE CALL HER? SOMETHING PRETTY. LOTUS FLOWER? YES, PERFECT
NEXT LET'S MAKE YOU LOOK HUMAN.
COME DEAR
WHERE DO WE START? I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU SEE THROUGH THAT BLACK MOP
EASY, GIRL I WON'T HURT YOU.
THIS IS SOPHIE YOUR FRIEND.
MY GOD.
A BATH SOME NEW RAGS AND YOU'LL BE ?
BONG
HEY WHAT NOW ?
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!
THE SIXTH DAY OF THE SIXTH MOON
THE RITUAL OF HUMAN SACRIFICE. WE ARE TO OFFICIATE!

THOOM BONG THOOM ZAN-KHAN!
CLANG THOOM BONG THOOM ZAN-KHAN!
NO!
AFRAID SO.
ZAN-KHAN GREAT GOD WHO WALKS WITH MEN. FOR YOU. FOR YOUR BROTHERS, OLUTRU GOD OF THE MOUNTAIN..
FOR YAMA, GUARDIAN OF THE DEAD.
FOR GEMBO FIERCE DEMON
BLEE-AH CLANG ZAN-KHAN!
OLUTRU! gembo! ZAN-KHAN!


FOR ALL THE GODS OF CHAMRIHA
MAY THESE HUMBLE SACRIFICES PLEASE AND APPEASE YOU.
NO! IN THE NAME OF BUDDHA MERCY!
YIIEE
EFF F JEND WHAT ARE THE D- DOING?
IT'S A TRICK A SHOW, NO?
YI!
IT'S NOT A T'S REAL!
IN JOO (NO!) I CAN'T STAND T
EFFENDI, MAKE THEM STOP!
STOP THE SACRIFICE. ZAN-KHAN DEMANDS T'S
STOP! ZAN-KHAN IS NOT PLEASED.
BRING THE SLAVE BACK

WE WILL OFFER A DIFFERENT SLAVE IN HIS PLACE
IF T PLEASE ZAN KHAN
T'S NO USE KHAMAL
WE CANNOT MAKE THEM C HANGE
EFFEND! KHAMAL SCARED.
CAN YOU DO NOTHING?
SOB
TEARS ?
ZAN KHAN WEEPS?
?
A GOD WHO WEEPS?
DO THE TEACHINGS SAY ANYTH NG OF A GOD WHO WEEPS ?
NO!
L TH NK T S TIME FOR A QUIET RETREAT DRY YOUR TEARS, KHAMAL AND SMILE
UH- OH.

OKAY, SOPHIE. NO REGRETS, NO APOLOGIES.
KHAMAL, BE BRAVE.
WE GO HAND IN HAND INTO PARADISE EFFENDI!
SHELL-FIRE?
KABOOOM
ROOM
ROOM
THOOOOM

HY-AAA!
DEATH TO THE TORTURERS!
THOOM
THE JAPANESE THEY MUST HAVE FOLLOWED US
OMAN! KULU!
"THE WRATH OF THE GODS." THEY THINK ZAN-KAAN DID IT
LET'S GO.
WHILE WE CAN
NO!
HERETICS! IMPOSTORS!

BLASPHEMERS! HERETICS! IT IS THE FALSE GOD WHO HAS BROUGHT THIS WRATH DOWN UPON US
DEATH TO THE HERETICS!
GRR
LOTUS FLOWER!!
HURRY

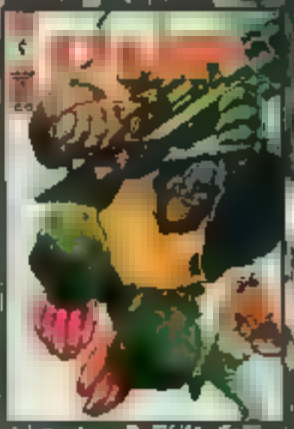
SHE SPEAKS!
COME! MOUNT UP
WH...? I REMEMBER THA BUILDING. IT'S WHERE THE TREASURE IS STORED!
THAT CHEST A TREASURE CHEST
BY GOD SHE'S ROBBED THE TREASURY!
WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
WELL, I KNOW YOU CAN SPEAK!
OHHH
THUNK

KHAMAL! YOU ALL RIGHT BOY?
BRATATATA-TAT BRATATATA-TAT
HAL N'ME GUN? WHAT'S GOING ON?
THOSE WEREN'T NIPPONESE SOLDIERS.
?! A SMALL ARMY
WHOSE?

HAIL, GREAT GENERAL!
MIGHTIEST OF WAR LORDS!
HAIL GENERAL SERPENT LADY!
YOUR ARMY RECLAIMS YOU!
NEXT: The INVADERS

A STORM IS COMING THIS WINTER!

THE STUFF OF WHICH LEGENDS ARE MADE



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IN 1994, COMICS GREATEST WORLD BECOMES
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FINISH LINE

[illegible] jazz are among the few art forms to originate in America. This is impressive in regard to the legacy [illegible] and Duke Ellington, and trivial in consideration of Rob Liefeld and Kenny G. Sophomoric comparisons [illegible] between comics and jazz beyond the obvious disparity of visual art and music. Comics were developed for the commercial purpose to attract readers to newspapers; jazz was introduced by the extemporaneous improvisations of black musicians.

Cartoonists had a popular, widely accepted forum to demonstrate their talent, and it seems a happy occurrence that an art form had emerged out of a common (at best) venture. With jazz, it is something of a miracle that an art form emerged at all from such oppressed people. Comics may be an artistic triumph, but jazz is a triumph of human spirit.

Many of the great American jazz artists were (and are) black, and their biographies abound with the horrors of racism. Although comics did not evolve from racism, they have done much to perpetuate it. The infrequent inclusion of non-white comics characters was usually represented by either porters or bellhops. When "promoted" to sidekick status, the results were buckteethed coolies, Ebony White, and a leopard-skin clad noble savage paired with a anecdotal magician.

Some publishers (notably EC Comics) endorsed equal rights by featuring stories against racism and bigotry. Still, it was rare that a non-white character was implemented without a purpose to convey a moral message or tackle a racial issue. Whites appeared in comics without any explanation because whites could appear on the damn moon without explanation.

Perhaps nothing embodies white power more than its evidenced by American superhero comics. For those who believe that God created man in His own image, they can gaze at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or in the pages of virtually any superhero comic, to see how white male artists have gazed into a philosophically distorted mirror and returned the favor. Had the creators of the first comic-book superhero been black and attempted to use this mirror, it is unlikely that Superman would have [illegible].

For all their powers, even superheroes are not immune from tokenization by their own names. *Black Lightning*, *Black Panther*, *Black Falcon*, and *Black Goliath* were apparently considered not worthwhile (i.e., marketable) unless distinguished by color. Would the same geniuses who concocted these names think twice before attaching *White* as a character's prefix? Comics are not uniquely guilty of casually innate double standards and reverse discrimination. Television shows such as "In Living Color" feature black performers uttering hooky and crackers for the sake of comedy, and audiences found humor in Wesley Snipes' self-referential taunt, "Always bet on black..." in the film *Passenger 57* while no one, of course, laughs at the politically incorrect caucasoid who even *thinks* the word "nigger." Never bet on white.

There is nothing wrong with occasionally enjoying mindless entertainment, but to do so without consideration of why one finds pleasure in such pabulum is barely heroic. Perhaps a day will come when people are not summarily evaluated by the color of their skin, and it will trickle down to a child who can pick up a comic book and read stories that reflect that world. It's a fine wish, but unpopular ideas are as difficult to kill as popular superheroes. Our culture, by way of literature, film, and comics, supports its worst enemies of the mind, and has repeatedly reinforced that a white man is king of the jungle.

People don't have to accept racism in comics, or anywhere else.

Ryder Windham
Dark Horse Editor

DEC. CHECKLIST

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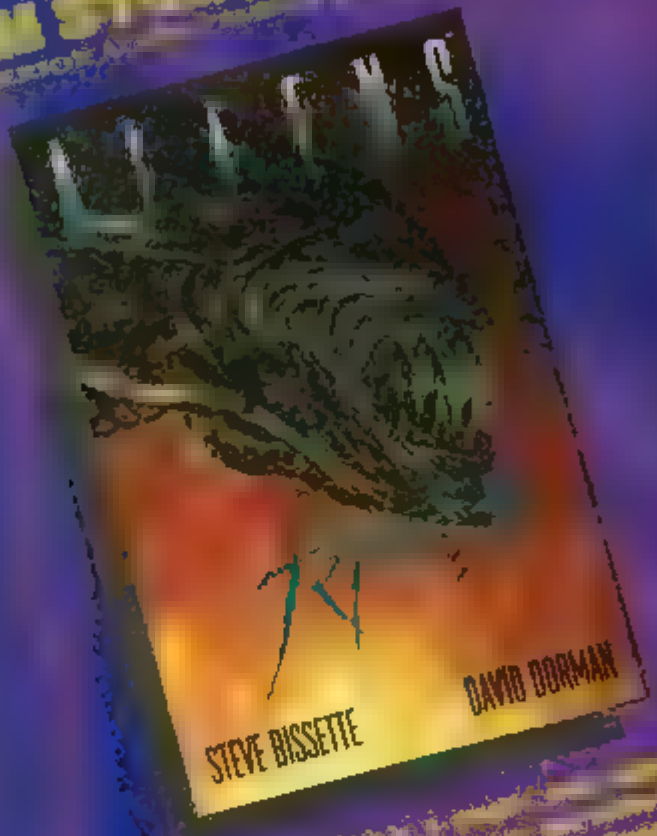

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follow the trail of murder and
mayhem back to OCP, taking
time out along the way to
off with an ED-209 gone
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